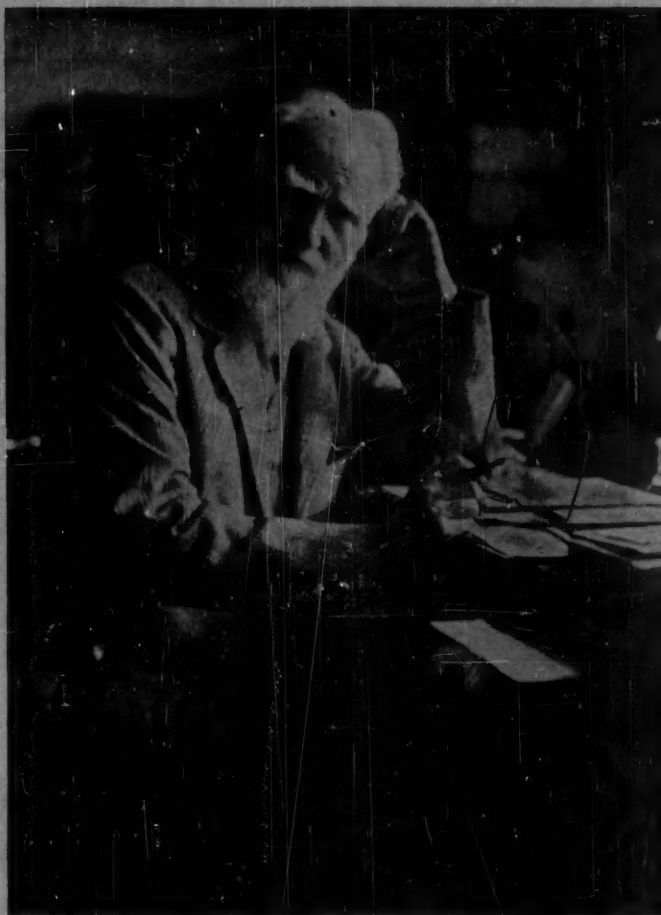


BERNARD SHAW MEMORIAL NUMBER

MARK TWAIN JOURNAL



This piece might have amused Mark Twain. It certainly amuses ME.
Lester
29th May 1951.
B. Bernard Shaw

Recipient of the 1937 Annual Mark Twain Gold Medal.
"A Mark Twain Medal is something worth having."

Shaw to Cyril Clemens, 1st April, 1937.

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Cyril Clemens, Editor-in-Chief

Best wishes for continuous achievement in perpetuating Mark Twain's memory.
—General Omar N. Bradley.

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Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw

Archibald Henderson

In response to the invitation of Mr. Cyril Clemens, I am jotting down here, with no little diffidence, some memories of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whom I shall hereafter call Mark Twain, in connection primarily with George Bernard Shaw. By a happy but entirely fortuitous circumstance, I had the extraordinarily good fortune to introduce to each other in the flesh these two representative geniuses of the English-speaking peoples. As I look back upon the incident now, there seems to have been a sort of aesthetic inevitability, a dramatic fatefulness, in that unexpected meeting.

For in due course, I became the authorized biographer of these two fascinating personalities, much the most arresting and delightful men of letters I have ever known. More rewarding than the prized distinction of being taken personally behind the scenes in the epic lives of these blazing geniuses of extraordinarily rich and colorful careers was the winning of friendships of rare benediction and genial delight, which gave new and ever-broadening scope to my own life, interests and pursuits.

Early in his career, Shaw publicly addressed to himself the question, "Am I mad or sane?" For if the rest of the people in the world were sane, he could only conclude that he was insane. Twain was more broadminded about mental alienation and, in the interest of universal comity, insisted that everyone was entitled to his own particular brand of insanity. I shall always insist that, in my own brand of insanity, the two supremely lucid moments were the instantaneous recognition of those blazing and global geniuses, Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw.

The most enduring and vivid memories of my childhood center in the fascinated enjoyment of African folk-tales as told me by an ebony male Scheherazade. This ingratiating

story-teller, who held me spellbound with his naive narratives handed down, Homerically, in the folk-memory of his wonderful race of fabulists and musicians, was "Uncle" Calvin Mitchell, a handsome, benignant, ingenious and clever Negro. "Cal," to me, was ageless—a sort of "body-servant" for a small Caucasian boy, although this was a quarter-century after the close of the War for Southern Independence. To the query, during the long period of my acquaintance with him, as to his age, Cal invariably gave the reply, "About fifty"! He reared me, taught me secrets of field and forest, of animals and humans, instructed me in the arts and sciences of running, swimming, shooting, horseback riding, bird-nesting, and many other crafts. And by the fireside at night he told me enthralling stories of animals, true sagas and folk-tales of the African jungle, transmitted by word of mouth for centuries, and, under slavery, "bootlegged" into the American colonies. Many of these stories, certainly the majority of them, I recognized long afterwards as undeniable variants of the stories told by "Uncle Remus," as reflected through the alembic of Joel Chandler Harris's fictive genius.

When I reached the stage of Mark Twain's magic—Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, and Nigger Jim—I was fit subject for enchanting experience. I had been inoculated with the potent virus of African folk-lore: it had gone into my blood-stream. From that golden age stemmed an abiding absorption in the psychology of the vagabond and the truant, and fascinated preoccupation with the homespun picaresque.

Precocious as a reader and eager to talk on advanced topics with my elders, I became in youth an habitual reader of the *Literary Digest*—although many a solemn *precis* of contemporary books and articles on science, philosophy, theology and religion

must have sorely disconcerted the alert but immature mind of the eager adolescent. My parents were much diverted one day by my outspoken indignation over the characteristically British understatement of William Archer, who in an article abstracted in the *Digest* described *Huckleberry Finn* as incomparably the best story of an English-speaking author on either side of the Atlantic during the preceding quarter-century. "The very idea!" I exclaimed hotly. "*Huckleberry Finn* is the best story ever written on either side of the Atlantic—or the Pacific, either, for that matter!" I am not sure, even at this late date, that I am prepared to retract that geographically comprehensive specimen of juvenile *obiter dicta*.

My acquaintance with Shaw, or rather with a play of his, began forty-eight years ago, at the age of twenty-five. On February 24, 1903, I attended the performance of a play by the Hart Conway School of Acting, a department of the Chicago Musical College, in the Studebaker Theater. The play, *You Never Can Tell*, and the author, George Bernard Shaw, were unknown to me, and it was only with reluctance that I took the time off from my mathematical researches at the University of Chicago to attend the performance.

When I came out of the theater, I felt that my whole life had undergone a revolutionary transformation. Although this was before the days of Millikan, Compton, and Kohlhoerster, it seemed to me then as if I had passed through a shower of cosmic rays and been completely electrified in a new medium. In *Dolly Clandon*, with her insouciant frivolity and gay irresponsibility, I discerned with prophetic eye the progenitress of the "flapper" type feminine figure of the coming generation. I determined to study the career of this obscure phenomenon Bernard Shaw, and in course proposed to announce to the world my discovery of a blazing new comet in the literary firmament. Shaw, to my astonishment and delight, ac-

cepted with seriousness and in good faith my proposal to write his "Life," and in June, 1907, after three years of study of Shaw's published writings and an active correspondence with the accommodating subject, I boarded the *Minneapolis* of the American Transport Lines for the great voyage of discovery, in comparison with which the once-famous voyage of Christopher Columbus seemed like a mere nautical diversion.

By a singular chance, Mark Twain had taken passage on the same boat for England, his principal objective being a visit to Oxford University, where he was to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. We were soon on good terms, and after a few days, I was invited by the captain to "get up" the usual "concert." I felt greatly elated when Dr. Francis Landey Patton, President of Princeton, consented to preside, and Mark Twain to make the principal talk. I remember Dr. Patton's sentences in introducing Mark Twain:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Some people ought to biography, and other people ought not to biography. Mark Twain is distinctly in the former category."

This was particularly apt, as selected chapters of Mark Twain's *Autobiography* were then running in the *North American Review*. In the then current issue, by chance was an essay of mine on some phases of contemporary drama, with various allusions to the plays of Shaw. After introductions were over, Mark Twain informed me that he had read my essay twice and wished to impress me as an interpreter, averring that most of the words I had employed were entirely unfamiliar to him. This sally aroused a deafening roar of laughter from the many listeners-in, at my expense, and the incident laid the foundation of an enduring friendship.

When the boat-train slowly rolled into St. Pancras Station, I found to my surprise that Shaw was on the platform to meet me.

I then had the unparalleled opportunity of introducing to each other these two literary figures of the most conspicuously global fame of our time—Mark Twain, then at the very zenith of his popularity, the greatest living humorist, and Bernard Shaw, still to wait many years for the full fruition of his genius, the greatest living wit. Twain, who knew little or nothing of Shaw and had spoken to me of Nietzsche in a derogatory tone on the voyage, graciously assured Shaw of great interest in his writings. Shaw, who was acquainted with Twain through *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, and *Innocents Abroad*, assured him that he greatly admired his work as publicist and man of letters, and that he himself had been genuinely influenced thereby. As we drove along together in a hansom cab to the Northumberland Hotel, Shaw remarked to me emphatically:

"I consider Mark Twain America's greatest writer by far. America's two greatest and most precious literary assets are Poe and Twain."

And then, after a reflective pause, he added with a rueful sort of grin:

"Mark Twain is in very much the same position as myself. He has to put things, as do I, in such a way as to make people, who otherwise would hang him, believe he is joking."

Several days later, in a note to Mark Twain, Shaw observed:

"I am persuaded that the future historian of America will find your works as indispensable to him as the French historian finds the political tracts of Voltaire. I tell you because I am the author of a play in which a priest says, 'Telling the truth's the funniest joke in the world'—a piece of wisdom which you helped to teach me."

In conclusion, I may mention that Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw have two distinctive points in common which invite reflection.

Neither attended a college or university, and this was probably a great advantage to both, since a certain naivete, forthrightness and freedom of expression would doubtless have been sorely clipped by the repressive influence of academic regularization. In the second place, both entered literature through the gateway of journalism, and each wrote with a directness, lucidity, and viable vocabulary which were whetted to fine edge by training as newspaper men. Shaw was not, I believe, perpetuating a joke when he declared that he was and would always remain a journalist. His definition of a literary journalist may be found in the following memorable statement:

"The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for an age, but for all time' has his reward in being unreadable in all ages; whilst Plato and Aristophanes trying to knock some sense into the Athens of their day, Shakespeare peopling that same Athens with Elizabethan mechanics and Warwickshire peasants, Ibsen photographing the local doctors and vestrymen of a Norwegian parish, Carpaccio painting the life of St. Ursula as if she were a lady living in the next street to him, are still alive and at home everywhere among the dust and ashes of many thousands of academic, punctilious, most archaeologically correct men of letters and art who spent their lives haughtily avoiding the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral."

THIS IS THE SEASON

Edna J. Robb

Hardboiled eggs and pickles sweet,
This would make a day complete,
If one would add a loaf of rye,
A wind blown hill and stretch of sky.

My Short and Simple Recollections of George Bernard Shaw

Padraic Colum

I met George Bernard Shaw for the first time when I was a very young man—I think it must have been as far back as 1905. The Abbey Theatre Company had, with plays of Synge, Yeats and Lady Gregory, brought a play of mine over to London, and my name went around with the others.

"If Padraic X.P.Q. is staying with you, ask him to come to see me," wrote G.B.S. on a post-card to my hostess. So I went round to Adelphi Terrace. It was after luncheon when I came in and G.B.S. and Mrs. Shaw were in a room with high book shelves that were well filled and deep with wide sofas. Mrs. Shaw was pleasant but I was aware of her vigilance: she was not going to let Bernard have too much of his time taken up by even invited visitors.

There was no danger of his being tired out. The slender, snuff-bearded man in the tweeds and the soft shirt had as much liveliness as the other two of us together. When he was on the sofa he rolled along it. When he got on his feet he ran around. His conversation was lively, too, but it went into wisecracks rather than into brilliant paradoxes. He had produced a play about Irish agrarianism, "John Bull's Other Island," and as my play was on the same topic in a later phrase we had matter for conversation. "The Irish are like the Jews," G.B.S. offered, "they have no business being farmers; they should be at intellectual work." All very well, I thought to myself, but there's a couple of hundred thousand families living on farms. "Their methods are out-of-date," said he, throwing a pillow across the room. "I'd turn machine guns on the land—plough it up that way." I thought that the present methods were less expensive than the firing of machine-guns. I don't remember any more of the conversation, but I keep

the memory of people who, out of a well-filled day, took time to give the hospitality of their minds to a beginner, and that because he was in a literary movement they took some pride in.

Some years afterwards, as I was taking an afternoon stroll in the centre of Dublin, I saw an arresting figure going by the front of Trinity College; he was walking in a way that made other persons on the pavement seem loungers. That spryness! That snuff-colored beard! The clothes that seemed so personal! It was surely G.B.S., and no one on the streets of his native city seemed aware of their visitant. That evening I was in the Abbey Theatre seated some rows away from the front. Lennox Robinson came over to me. "Mrs. Shaw would like you to come and talk with Bernard." I went and found a vacant seat beside the pair. "This is my native city," said Bernard, "and it is the only city in the world where I have to send for someone to talk to me." He spoke in a voice that was more of Dublin than the present generation of Dubliners. It was the relaxedly agreeable voice of the elder who permits himself to be garrulous. A play such we were watching, would not be listened to in the Dublin of his time. "We wanted to hear that Ireland was the gem of the ocean, and no more about it," he said noting the modern critical attitude. And I was struck with the thought that here was the world's most famous dramatist (and the greatest dramatic critic in history, besides), taking in a play that must have seemed very local, and taking it in just like any other returned citizen, a little surprised that Dublin was no longer the Dublin of Dion Bouccicault and Barry Sullivan, and willing to make quite a discourse about it.

COUPLET TO G.B.S.

Witter Bynner

Though he spoke gaily, Bernard Shaw
was as sober a man as ever saw.

An American Author Meets Shaw

Dr. Adolphe de Castro

I met the very greatest dramatist of our time, Bernard Shaw, when I was introduced to him by the Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, who had sponsored my guest card at the Savage Club in London.

He had asked me if I knew Bernard Shaw. I did not, I said, but would like to meet him. He offered to take me to Shaw's place which was then on the Strand. As we went from the Hotel Cecil, my friend saw Shaw, slowly walking in our direction. My friend saluted Mr. Shaw and introduced me, adding, "the doctor is an American, from California."

The beetle-browed dramatist, looked at me keenly. Likely he wanted to say something irritating (as I had been told). I anticipated him. "Don't hold it against me, Mr. Shaw! Actually I am a Pole by birth and a voluntary American citizen."

His moustache spread in a smile. "What brings you to England?"

"My mother's illness. She called me and I want to be with her in her last moments. I am here to rest, Mr. Shaw, and if possible, place a book with a publisher."

Shaw extended his hand. "My sincere sympathy in one case and pity in the other," he said, and looked at me kindly.

"I have heard similar speech from Ambrose Bierce," I told him.

The name appeared to make no impress on Mr. Shaw and I did not press the matter.

We had walked as far as St. Paul's Cathedral, when Mr. Shaw, shook hands with us. He gave me a conventional invitation to call. But my mind was not in a state to let anything divert me from my sadness just then.

We had gone more than a few steps from the great man, when I turned. Mr. Shaw was holding up his hand. "He wants to see us," said my companion. We retraced our steps.

"I thought your name sounded familiar," said Shaw. *Public Opinion* published an article on *Jewish Gastronomy*. It bore a name similar to yours. Know anything about it?"

"I know everything about it, Mr. Shaw. I wrote it . . . for a San Francisco paper.

I did not know it had been published here. Well, there is nothing I can do. But I am thankful to you, sir, for telling me."

I have no idea whether Mr. Shaw had anything to do with it, but two days later, a very tall Englishman called on me at the Hotel Cecil and told me that he was glad to learn that I was in London. He told me that he had tried to locate me and could not until a friend informed him that I was at the Cecil. He asked me would I accept fifty pounds as a fee for the article.

In the course of the years I learned to admire Bernard Shaw, and the more I read of his prose work the more I liked his keenness of judgment, his clarity of diction, and his respect for the average stuffed shirt.

It was during the month of August or September, 1949, that Bernard Shaw said in an interview that all criminals should be asphyxiated. This ran wholly counter to my philosophy. I told that wrong must be righted, but that the individual doing the wrong ought to be given a chance to right it by certain means I have set forth.

I wrote to Mr. Shaw to this effect, adding that a law as he proposed would serve no beneficial purpose. Suppose (I said) they passed a law that all persons reaching ninety should be asphyxiated, where would you and I be?

Mr. Shaw was not offended. He sent me a card saying:

"If criminals can be reformed, reform them; that is all. Many persons, for instance, children, soldiers, and well-behaved prisoners, are useful citizens under tutelage, with their food, clothes and lodgings found for them. Set free, they are unable to take care of themselves, and are presently in the dock for some offense, grave or petty. They should be kept under kindly tutelage, guided and provided for as children are, but otherwise living normal and respected lives."

To this I had, indeed, prepared a striking counter thesis, but as this is part of my book *Romance of Imagination*, I shall not expatiate on it here.

Shaw Seen by a Sculptor

Carl Milles

Bernard Shaw! I am a great admirer of his art, but he was difficult to handle. Especially, when he received the Nobel prize which he absolutely refused till the Swedish Minister in London asked him to help him to create a society to translate English to Swedish and the contrary. The minister asked me to help him, so I had a very amusing furious time with Shaw who behaved just as a spoiled boy.

But I met him with the great Irish Poet Yeats, and then Shaw was very agreeable. At the end of this meeting I tried to persuade Shaw to change the end of his *Major Barbara*. He listened, looked at me with an interesting expression, turned round—his back to me—stood a while—turned again—said:

"I think there is something in it!"

I wished to get the end more effective—really to open the hearts of those who refused his gold—here it was checks.

To me he was very conceited, but as all real artists, he was criticizing himself—as such artists who work for the future of their work. As, for example, we read still today, Edgar Allan Poe's *The Raven*, or old Greek dramas, or Shakespeare or Michel Angelo or Donatello.

The public always criticizes artists who "circle round themselves as arrogant, selfish climbers," that I have heard many times in my life, but the public, does not understand such a one who gives his creation, hoping the work will be admired even in the faraway future. These secrets—*few are born with*, he or she must have a good deal of self-criticism, else he would not care just making the empty money as many do. Giotto who was a modern money-maker, was very critical of his own work. But he worked fast, and was therefore so fresh. Same with Puon de Chavennes, Balzac, Moliere and so many others—thanks to their severe self-criticism, they worked for the future—as well as for their own time. I have heard people say,

"Shaw had no self-criticism." I have heard him talk about that once.

He was absolutely a great artist.

My Acquaintance With Bernard Shaw

Very Rev. W. R. Inge

My acquaintance with Bernard Shaw began when I was Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was an odd friendship, for he was no churchman and strongly pro-Russian. He had visited that country, which is the best way of knowing less than nothing about it, for in a police state you have to look twice over your shoulder before opening your mouth. They might have sent him to Siberia as a super-capitalist, but they preferred to tell him what they wanted him to hear. Nevertheless, we had much in common. Like an Irishman, he was against the government, and enjoyed Samuel Butler's gibes against all orthodoxy, scientific as well as religious. The English, he thought, are very sentimental, very respectable, and rather stupid; the Irish are hard-headed and have long memories. As I am always in the minority, I liked talking to him. I saw most of him on a Mediterranean cruise, when we were both passengers. I drove with him from Nicosia to Cyprus. The Archbishop of Cyprus, who was very disloyal, wanted us to say something in favor of *Enosis*, union with Greece. He did not catch me, but I think they got something out of Shaw. After that, he came several times to the Deanery, and was very complimentary to me in print. He was a good man, and sincerely anxious to put common sense into our thick skulls. We don't mind being laughed at, but we don't change; we are made like that. It is difficult to say whether his influence will be permanent. Satire, unless it is savage as his never was, becomes unintelligible when the climate of opinion changes. We come to appreciate our grandparents the Victorians better, if only because our parents despised them. To marry the spirit of your own age, is likely to make you a widow in the next.

Impressions of Bernard Shaw

Cyril Scott

During the early part of the first World War I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw as their guest at a hotel in Torquay, I had often lunched with G.B.S. at his flat in Adelphi Terrace, but only when in his company every day for a fortnight did I come into close touch with the heart of this remarkable man. People imagine him to be a *farceur*, but they are entirely mistaken; he merely adopts that attitude because he dares not do otherwise. "If I appeared to be as serious as I really am," he confided to me, "I could never get my message across at all." And considering how the English are constituted, what he said, I feel convinced, is true. In the olden days the alchemists had to hide their meaning in fantastic symbols which only the initiated could understand; for, of course, the powdered frogs and other absurdities which one finds in ancient prescriptions were merely blinds to save their writers from the stake. Nowadays things have improved just a little; one can put forward almost any startling moral unconventionality so long as one leaves a loophole through which the recipient may escape: he can always think it *may* be a joke. To understand this is to understand Bernard Shaw . . . he is an earnest jester. But his jests nevertheless do not include those ill-bred actions which some of his enemies have libelously ascribed to him, such as appearing at the Opera in a dress suit and Jaeger shirt. He may, like the Kaiser did, occasionally send undiplomatic telegrams to people whom he credits with as much sense of humor as he has himself; but these are always followed by friendly and explanatory letters, which are, however, conveniently forgotten by those who circulate the stories.

There are other prevalent illusions about Bernard Shaw . . . one is that he is conceited; but this again has no foundation in truth, the absence of all "side" in his manner being a feature particularly noticeable from the first moment of meeting him. Indeed, this was borne out by a little *contre-*

temps which happened at Torquay. We had been invited to dine one evening with some friends of his, and after dinner G.B.S. had promised to entertain us with his latest piece of work. He had just started to read when he suddenly stopped and said, "I shall have to go back to the hotel for a moment . . . I've left part of my teeth behind . . ."

Such naturalness seems hardly compatible with "side."

I discovered also that by nature he was pre-eminently forethoughtful. As many Americans had asked me why he never crossed the Atlantic, I put the question to him once when we were out for a walk. His answer was characteristic.

"They offered me 500 pounds to give a lecture in Carnegie Hall, but, really, I didn't see how they could make it pay, so I refused. I should very much dislike anyone to be out of pocket on my account . . ." I shared his sentiments but not his opinion.

Our days in Torquay were enjoyably spent. Shaw would usually retire to the roof garden in the morning and work till noon, then go for a swim before lunch, and after which he would sometimes work again, this time in our own sitting-room, even while Mrs. Shaw and I were conversing. I noticed that he wrote everything in shorthand, and envied him his facility . . . if only there existed a shorthand for music!

The foregoing impressions of G.B.S. were written in 1923 and appeared in *My Years of Indiscretion*, now out of print. After that I saw him from time to time in London. He had a little habit of sending me a note by messenger boy, saying, "Come to lunch to-day. We haven't seen you for quite a time."

I must say he did not give one much notice! The last time I saw him was in 1938. He had then become very benign looking, was as erect as he had even been, and looked "the perfect Sage." He was then eighty-four, but his mind was as alert as ever, though he complained that physically he soon got tired. I was away from London during all

the war years, and by the time hostilities had ended, G.B.S. had become a really old man. I might have gone to see him at his place in the country, but thought it was kinder to keep away, and wrote him to that effect. Mrs. Shaw had died, but as she had suffered so much before the end, he took her death like the philosopher he was. She had been a good companion to him, yet not an entirely uncritical one. She told him in front of me, I remember on one occasion, that some of his plays ought to be burnt! He merely laughed. Mrs. Shaw was something of a mystic, and informed me when we were in Torquay that she used to meditate for the best part of an hour every morning before breakfast. G.B.S. was indulgently tolerant about it all but unbelieving. Perhaps he came to think differently before he died.

THE WILL ROGERS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Strickland Gillilan

George Bernard Shaw was the Will Rogers of the solar system. He was not frivolous in his mind. He thought serious things and had the courage to say them frivolously. When visitors came he kept from being caught at his seriousness by suddenly donning his cap-and-bells and motley which he always kept within easy reach. He was brave. But he always managed to stop in his naivete just before he reached blasphemy.

NEARER TO A SPIRITUAL POSITIVE

Christopher Fry

I am glad that you have asked me for an impression of Bernard Shaw. There is not one of us in Church or State who does not owe him a greater debt than we have it in our natures even to acknowledge. He knew that clear thought, compassionate judgment and wise laughter are cardinal virtues: that good must be sought out and acclaimed, and evil sought out and villified, wherever they may be. He knew that there is a cold war, not between nations but within nations, not even between individual men but within the individual man. This is nearer than most of us come to a spiritual positive.

THE EMPEROR OF EFFRONTERY

James Montgomery Flagg

The Emperor of Effrontery has passed. Long may he live!

There is no doubt of his being the foremost literary person of his times. I re-saw two of his movies the other night, old-timers and just as fresh as they were originally—*Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara*. Amazing and delightful.

His effrontery in insulting Americans who had appreciated him more than his home folks was tops of its kind. Being a New Yorker, I was merely amused and not disturbed. New Yorkers are so accustomed to critical sneers from outlanders we truly don't give a damn.

Shaw's supreme gall in coming over here at all after paving his way with brickbats was amusing.

When he arrived in New York I went down the harbor on the tug with a crowd of newspaper men to interview the great G.B.S. One press gent, nervier than the rest, pushed right into the dining room of the ship and sat down with Shaw at his breakfast!

The nearest I got to him was a window looking down into the room through which I made a quick sketch.

I heard that Shaw was quite amused at the caricature I made of him—I think it was in *Harper's Weekly* when Norman Hapgood had it—it was a head and hand with the thumb at his nose and titled "G.B.S. — His Attitude." I posed for it myself in the mirror, adding a beard, of course.

Although I knew he had written it in his extreme youth, *Love Among the Artists*, still I was shocked on rereading it—or trying to—at the awful stilted style. At least, he wasn't a Mozart.

Being one of the honorary editors of the Harvard Lampoon, I used to be their guest at many of Lampy's annual dinners. I counted on their counting on me to make some sort of remarks and one time I made up as Shaw and—brought my make-up with me—and they listened to what I thought Shaw might have said to a Lampoon crowd.

He was a great asset to the thinking world.

Shaw the Most Entertaining of Companions

Francis Brett Young

My memories of G.B.S. go back a long way. In the summer of 1912, he suddenly turned up at Brixham in Devon, where I was then a young doctor (and had not published anything). He had walked over from a vegetarian boarding-house on the coast of Start Bay, and was accompanied by a bevy of seven arty-and-crafty looking females. As we took tea on the lawn, sitting on the grass, G.B.S. removed his shoes and put his feet on the tablecloth. His admirers grouped themselves round him, prepared to listen. He was always worth listening to, although until near the end of his long life, conversation, in his presence, generally resolved itself into a monologue. That afternoon, however, he wanted to listen to music. An enormous Steinway concert grand occupied most of our little living-room. My wife sang *lieder* of Hugo Wolf—in those days by no means a well-known composer in England. I accompanied her in song after song, including some of quite formidable difficulty for both us which Shaw had never heard before. He was enraptured with the music and soon forgot his bevy of admirers. We must have sung and played for a couple of hours. Some years later we happened to meet him in London when we were on the point of going to Capri, where our friend Compton Mackenzie had found us a house suitable to the means of a struggling author.

"But why are you going to Capri?" G. B. S. asked.

"We're going to live there, we told him."

"My dear young friends," he said. "People don't go to Capri to live, they go there to elope."

Oddly enough, the first person we saw on returning from Capri a few years later, striding along on a very hot day with his hands in woolen gloves, was Shaw himself.

"Where have you come from?" he cried. "From Capri."

"Well, you're the first married couple I've

even seen return from Capri together," he told us. In later years, when we had finally (as we thought) settled in our native Worcestershire, we saw G.B.S. fairly regularly. Nearly every year a new play of his was produced at the Malvern Festival, and he and Mrs. Shaw came over to lunch with us at Craycombe House. One year he was missing. The next time we met, Mrs. Shaw told us that he had been nearly fatally ill with pernicious anaemia. As a passionate vegetarian, he had refused to take any of the liver extract which was prescribed for him. It was not until he lay almost exhausted that Mrs. Shaw made the doctors give him injections of liver-extract: after which, as she said, he came up like a dying flower put into water. It was after this illness that the magnificent monologue became less continuous. He would allow us to talk, and even expressed admiration for some of my works, which in the earlier days of our friendship he had never even mentioned. I remember one day when he embarked on a lengthy comparison between the discriptive powers of myself and those of T. E. Lawrence, and he also 'let slip' that he had taken several of my books with him on a voyage to the Antipodes. Even if I never heard him make any complimentary remarks about the works of other writers, I must say that he never indulged in the malice towards his contemporaries which, alas, is not uncommon among men of letters. He was a good friend and one of the most entertaining of companions. I never saw him after the death of Mrs. Shaw; but I feel sure that this must have been a terrible blow to him; for surely a more understanding woman never had the privileges (and pains) of tending a man of genius. It is too soon for any critic to estimate the place he will find in the judgment of posterity. Some of his plays seem already to have taken on the air of 'period pieces'; they belong completely to his times and to the contemporary climate of opinion. *St. Joan* is another matter. There is nothing in it which will not always be topical. But,

whatever the fate of the plays may be, I am convinced that the prefaces will continue to be read as long as people are interested in a prose style which vies, in clarity of expression and sinewy strength, with that of the best pamphleteers in the English language.

COMEDIAN OF HIGHEST ORDER

C. S. Lewis

Shaw was a very great man indeed. The danger is that when all the froth and nonsense about his being a philosopher has died down (as it must) a reaction should set in and lead people to forget his real genius. He was a comedian, in his own time, of the very highest order. He was not, of course, a humorist of the heart like Dickens or our own patron: the mingled humour and pathos of the scene in *Huckleberry Finn* where Huck tries to betray Jim and decides that he is a reprobate because he can't, would have been outside his powers. He was a humorist of the more intellectual kind, a master of satire, art and fantasy, like Gilbert, Wilde and Aristophanes. In that class no one had more continuous vitality. He is also, in his prefaces, one of the great masters of plain prose. I have often, in that capacity, held him up as a model to my pupils and have learned much from him myself. Peace to his ashes! I hope he has already found that there is something better than *Elan Vital* over yonder!

A GREAT MAN IN OUR TIME

Robinson Jeffers

When we are very young we look to literature to set the mind free and that is what Bernard Shaw's earlier plays and prefaces seemed to do for me; they dared me to think freely. It was the same excitement that I had sought in so many books, from Lucretius to H. G. Wells. I didn't consider Shaw's plays as comedies, but as intellectual excursions. It was much later that I recognized the cold Anglo-Irish quality of his wit, and its affinity with the Anglo-Irish wit of Oscar Wilde, and the ice-cold fury of Dean Swift.

Bernard Shaw was a great man in our time, and I am thankful to him.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SHAW

Hesketh Pearson

I saw G.B.S. three times in a crowd before I got to know him personally. The first occasion was at the final dress rehearsal of *Androcles and The Lion*. Sunday, August 31st, 1913, when he came on to the stage like a man who meant business, retired to the dress circle for the performance, returned to the stage after the final curtain with a volume of notes, and proceeded to give burlesque renderings of all the parts, just to let the actors see that his plays demanded uninhibited acting, not confidential talking in the way Granville-Barker had been producing it.

The next time I saw Shaw was at a big social function at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane, where we were performing a one-act play of Masfield's on the Irish Rebellion of 1798, for the entertainment of half the nobility of England. Shaw obviously hated being at the mercy of any peer or peeress who cared to address him, and he was dodging about the place pretending to look for someone, when his real object was clearly to get away from everyone.

After that I saw him at a dress rehearsal of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which Barker revived at the St. James's Theatre along with several other plays at the conclusion of the run of *Androcles*. On this occasion, G.B.S. told me that I was all right in my part (the Exhibition secretary in the last act) but added, "Don't let the knowledge that you are all right make you think that you couldn't be better."

Two years later I went to see him in his Adelphi Terrace flat, and all our notable meetings thereafter have been described in my *Life of him* and in my *Postscript to that Life*. But my general impression of him on those first three occasions was that of a man who was bursting with energy and had to keep on the move in order to keep sane.

SHAW, THE EDUCATOR

Harrison Smith

In the voluminous writing about Bernard Shaw after his death there have been too few who have pointed out that an entire generation of people who are now in their forties or late fifties were taught by him to view human problems and ideas in a new way. I discovered Shaw when I was in college and my mind received his conceptions with delight and awe. He seemed then always to be right, and he gave one the flattering conception that his ideas would have been one's own in the course of time. When I met him in London in the thirties I thought of him not as the greatest playwright of our age, but as the greatest educator.

BROUGHT UP ON SHAW

Faith Baldwin

I am no student of Shaw but I was brought up on him, seeing his plays, reading his books and plays. He has always been a sharp stimulant; his acid tongue could never quite conceal his heart, his wit is never dated and he was always ahead of his time; and he will, I think, live forever with the few immortals.

I could not always agree with him, of course; I was totally uninterested in much of his political drum beating and his perverse attachment to much I believe unhealthy in our civilization. But I admired and respected him.

IDOLATER OF SHAW

A. E. Coppard

I have always been a rapturous idolater of Shaw whose eminence and worth has towered Everest—like above the comparative molehills of the best of our time. As an artist he had everything; in the control and blending of words and ideas he was sublime.

I have a special fondness for *Man and Superman* (in comparable and deathless work), *The Devil's Disciple* and *The Man of Destiny*.

A DRAMATIST TOO CLOSE IN THE WINGS

Chard Powers Smith

I suspect that in the ultimate run Bernard Shaw will survive for his critical writing, his letters and his prose generally, more surely than for his plays. In these he always annoyed me because of his tendency to use the dramatic form as a show case for his sardonic brilliance, particularly his disingenuous practice of creating a fine dramatic illusion and then making fun of his own work, a sacrifice of esthetic integrity to vanity. These are only, as you said on your card, "impressions" for my knowledge of Shaw is too fragmentary to justify a serious opinion. I am thinking especially of *Caesar* and *Joan*. The personal intrusion is less offensive in *Androcles*, and *The Doctor*, and *Candida*, but it is there as a kind of slick, rayon curtain before the characters and the action, or as a faint, metallic effluvia from the author who is standing too close in the wings. Of course, the fact that Shaw, in spite of these smart-aleck tendencies, continued to impress producers and audiences is the surest proof of his underlying theatrical genius.

TOOK THE TROUBLE TO WRITE

James Hilton

Like many other men of my generation I was brought up on Shaw — indeed, he, Wells and Bennett were the trinity whom one read and revered and whose books and plays, in my own case, I went through one after another during my school days, and sometimes by flashlight under the bedclothes when everyone else was asleep. Shaw was then in his middle fifties—an old man as I would then have ranked him, and I could not have expected ever to meet him, but I did, once, at the Malvern Festival during the thirties. Later, when I was in Hollywood, he took the trouble to write me about something I had published about his attitude towards films. That his letter was gracious and kindly did not surprise me nearly as much as that he should take the trouble, for he was then approaching eighty.

Bernard Shaw at Malvern

Mazo de la Roche

For some years I lived just outside Malvern, where every August the famous Drama Festival opens, usually with a play by Shaw.

In the old days Malvern was famous as a spa, and the prosperous gentlemen from Birmingham used to drive there with their families to spend the summer. But, as time passed, Malvern lost its popularity and might have been almost forgotten had not Shaw and Sir Barry Jackson, walking among the great hills that dominate the town, conceived the idea of the Drama Festival in which a new play by Shaw would be given its first night.

It was a magnificent idea and, when carried out by Sir Barry, it rejuvenated Malvern—for at least a part of the year. I don't know whether there are any bookings from China nowadays, but when I lived in Malvern, seats were often booked from there a year in advance.

The theatre stands in a lovely spot near the Abbey, and between acts one can have a stroll in the garden, with one's glass of sherry. I remember the lovely summer's night when *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* was given its first performance. Shaw, with two or three friends, sat directly in front of me. I still have a print of the excellent press photograph of him taken before the performance, my shoulders and the lower part of my face, wearing a lively grin, being all that is visible of me.

At the end of the first act I asked him if he were pleased by the performance. "It's very good, indeed," he answered, with animation. But as the play went on, he showed less and less interest. During most of the last act he shamelessly slept, just rousing himself before the final curtain to slip out with his friends.

Shaw was a god in Malvern. One might almost say that if he bent to stroke a cat there would be a piece in the paper about it. The town took on a different atmosphere when he was there, almost an air of carnival,

the quiet streets enlivened by visitors from distant lands, the shop windows gay with tempting goods. He stayed at one of the smaller hotels, where his vegetarian diet was catered to, as well as his liking for privacy. But privacy was difficult for him. I remember hearing how some pushing visitors to the hotel maneuvered the table at which they were dining so close to his that they could overhear everything he said.

He himself could be rude. I remember being at a tea in the house of a charming and kindly woman who asked him if he would like some tea.

"I haven't had tea," he returned, "since I was in your house a year ago, and I hope never to have it again."

But his eyes twinkled beneath their heavy brows as he said this, and our hostess was not so disconcerted as I had expected.

I never admired Shaw more than on the occasion of a dinner given by the P.E.N. Club to celebrate H. G. Wells' seventieth birthday. When it was Shaw's turn to speak he stood up and very straight, his remarkable head held high. "By this time," he began, "you had expected to be rid of me, I dare say, but—you see, you're not." In a fine sonorous voice, he spoke without notes, with great clarity, with wit, and a little wickedness. All other speakers had used notes. He was then past eighty.

The admiration, the exhilaration of the guests turned to embarrassment when he made a disparaging and even vindictive reference to Rudyard Kipling. Our hearts warmed to Wells when, in his reply, he said, "I did not come here to dance on Kipling's grave," and then he paid a warm tribute to Kipling.

One curious recollection of that evening is that a certain paragraph of Wells' speech appeared, in the form of a poem, in an American magazine. Would you call it plagiarism, merely chance, or the expression of simple admiration?

A Successful Guy Fawkes

Phyllis Bottome

Great writers may change themselves, or they may change the world they live in—or in the rarest of all cases, they may do both.

Bernard Shaw changed England. I do not think he changed himself with it.

All through his long, crystal clear, hard-hitting life he happened to each event, to each wrong he measured himself against, with the same impact.

He brought to each in turn an intellect that, within its own frame and using its own medium, was supremely logical, convincing and spectacular.

Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist who ever lived because his imagination absorbed others with the same force with which it played upon himself. We are all a little of Hamlet because Shakespeare was all of Hamlet.

Shaw did not absorb others nor let himself be absorbed by them. He played upon the world he lived in like a searchlight. What the searchlight did was to make everybody see exactly what was there. It was up to them to change if they did not like it—and they seldom liked it. Before *The Doctor's Dilemma* there were far more humbugs in the medical profession than there have been since. *Pygmalion* shook the selfishness of artists. There were more natural clergymen and truer lovers after *Candida* than there were before it. *The Devil's Disciple* and *Arms and the Man*, if they did not succeed in changing the military mind, weakened the pedestal on which it stood. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was so dangerous to those who like their vice obscure that it was kept off the stage as long as possible. After *St. Joan*, perhaps the greatest of Shaw's plays, written when he was seventy-four, no one who saw it could quite get away from their responsibility towards life itself.

Bernard Shaw was a successful Guy Fawkes, who at the risk of his life blew up the ruling shams of his day. That they exist no longer, that there is more reality and less sentimentality in everything we look at today, we owe directly to Bernard Shaw.

Wells died of a broken heart because he

could not educate mankind. Galsworthy's heart grew cold before he died. Henry James lost himself in the interstices of his tremendous analytic intelligence. Mark Twain's infectious boyhood was sobered down by life. But Bernard Shaw died content.

The young, we sometimes hear, do not read Shaw. They do not need to read him—for they are his Works.

His thought produced them without fetters. He fought the false authority that would have held the young back from life; the plain truths that reached their ears were spoken by him: and his was the courage that has given them courage to put truth into practice.

It can be said of Dickens, Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw that they actually changed their countries and the times they lived in and that, if they are ever forgotten, it will be by the people they invented. Inventions may go on independently of their inventor, but they would not have been there—or anywhere else—without their inventor.

HIS MIND AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL

Viscountess Astor

George Bernard Shaw will be missed by many, and I personally never had a better friend. I was able to be with him during his last twenty-four hours, and his mind was as clear as crystal. His passing was peaceful; in fact, he wanted to die.

About the account of the interview with G.B.S. I never said, "The way to make him sparkle is by teasing him." He sparkled without any teasing. I did say that even the day before he died you could rouse him and get the brilliancy of his mind, which was always there.

I don't remember what he told the man about an "honest newspaperman," but one day I was along with him, and an Irish newspaperman begged me to get G.B.S. to pose for a reel. As I knew he loved having his picture taken, I thought it might amuse him, and persuaded him to have it taken. However, the newsman had no words with him at all, as some papers have reported.

POETRY SECTION

TO EMILY DICKINSON

Helen Genevieve Jefferson

Run, Emily, and hide from those who pry,
Who batter bolted doors to learn a name,
Who ask your privacy as price of fame;
Elude them still, those eyes which peep and
spy.

Keep silent when they ask you who and why;
It is enough for us to know one came
Who kindled love to sudden, stubborn flame
Which with renunciation would not die.

You knew the whole of love—the agony,
Not bliss alone—and sang because you
burned;

Without that fire the music could not be.
Refining grief and rapture you have turned
Their smelted ores to gold of poetry,
Minted in song the wisdom you had learned.

PASTORALE

Sara Mudge Henritzy

The warm green slopes of summer claim the
herd,

The mottled bodies move along as one;
Unhurried as the air—No leaf is stirred,
And hours fall asleep beneath the sun.

The tawny necks all reach intently down,
The sound of grazing murmurs through
the day;

Dispelling every hint of teeming town
That frets with fever, just a hill away.

The gentle timbre of the leader's bell,
Seems much too sweet to own metallic
birth;

As here among the scenes I love so well,
Tranquility leans low and touches earth.

I wait to watch the herd, through fading
light,

Turn home again in patient, single file;
And peace, enfolding all, walks toward the
night,

Along a quiet, softly shadowed aisle.

THE ROSE

Adele Mehl Burnett

It happened once to lovely Venus,
The time she played with Cupid's arrow;
She pricked herself quite to the marrow
And fell in love with fair Adonis.

She hunted with him through the wood,
She begged him that he always should
Avoid the beasts that boded ill,
Toward timid creatures turn his skill.

But Adonis was a fearless lad,
He shrank not from the boar, though mad.
He threw his spear and pierced the hide;
The tusks of beast gored Adonis' side.

He softly breathed his life away
While Venus wept in mournful lay.
But tears and blood enrich earth's bower;
Each tear brings forth a sweet windflower,
And every drop of blood that flows
Is changed to summer's fragrant rose.

NOBODY KNOWS

By Charles Angoff

Nobody knows
Where the wind blows.
Nobody knows
Where a kiss goes.

Nothing that is born
Need be forlorn.
Home is everywhere.

Nobody knows
Where yesterday went
Or why the Orient
Is not the Occident.

Nothing begotten
Is ever forgotten.

Nobody knows
What the heart knows.
Memory reveals
What life conceals.

MARK TWAIN JOURNAL

PACK PEDDLER

Edwin Carlile Litsey

Sunshine and wine are in his pulse's flow,
This weathered stranger squatted on the
floor;

Who slept in childhood by Vesuvius' glow,
And over dead Pompeii walked of yore.

His mien is cringing, but a certain grace
Clothes his lean fingers as he spreads his
ware;

And looking on his beaked and swarthy face,
I find a touch of old-world magic there.

I scarcely see his laces and his shawls,
Amalfi, and Sorrento, and Capri;
High-lifted bells, and hoary, wave-washed
walls,

And nested villages come back to me.

"Take-a dees piece, Signora?—Ten-fifty.
Heem is han-made—come-a from It'ly."

TOM SAWYER'S CAVE

Arthur Gerhardt

Tom Sawyer's Cave I found,
Where boyhood's dreams come true,
Alladin's magic mound—
Old lamps turned shining new!

A labyrinth of jade—
Its chambers filled with gold;
The floor with rubies laid—
And here walked pirates bold!

The Mississippi fair,
Invites the pirate crew;
A raft with treasure rare,
Will carry Tom and you!

CONTRIBUTOR TO THE HEARST PAPERS

William H. Kilpatrick

I attended a meeting of the Fabian Society in London to hear the correspondent S. K. Radcliffe speak on his impressions of America, where he had been located for perhaps two years.

During the course of his remarks he told the British not to be unduly concerned over what the Hearst newspapers might say about the British, asserting that nobody of importance read the Hearst papers.

At the close of the meeting a tall man arose whom I immediately recognized as George Bernard Shaw. He asked a question: "Did I understand you to say that one of importance in America reads the Hearst papers?" Mr. Radcliffe said, "Yes." Then Mr. Shaw said, "Why, I write for the Hearst papers."

Mr. Radcliffe replied, "Well, if you do, it's lost on the more thoughtful people of America. I doubt that they know that you write for these papers."

I can add that I myself had not known that Shaw was writing for the Hearst papers. I had several years before this time made up my mind never to buy another Hearst paper, a resolution which I have kept with fair faithfulness ever since.

Bernard Shaw was a great man and a great writer. As I look back on the day when I used to get to the theatre fairly often, I think that my finest experience of all was the first matinee of *St. Joan*. The play had opened the previous evening, with Winifred Lenihan in the lead. I purposely avoided reading the criticisms in Saturday's papers, and so, having read neither the play nor the critics, had a completely open mind. The play was satisfying, intellectually and emotionally, in a way that nothing except a few of the greatest performances of Shakespeare had ever been. Some other modern plays—*Strange Interlude*, for instance—have not stood up under retrospective analysis; *St. Joan* has.

—DeLancey Ferguson

SUI-GENERIS

August Derleth

What is there to say of Shaw save that he was *sui generis*? Whatever he was not, he was certainly a profound individualist who never hesitated to speak his mind on whatever subject he saw fit. The flavor of the man not only had no peer, but is likely to last even beyond his plays. In a very real sense he was living beyond his time; he had spanned three generations, and though in great part he had grown with each of them, he was already in one sense an anachronism.

I do not mean this, of course, in any derogation. But the very fact that it was so explains in large part the hold he had on the imagination of English-speaking people, the color and dynamism which were his. Whatever he said, whenever he spoke, was certain to entertain, annoy, or otherwise move his audience; and he was unique in that his audience ranged from the man on the street to the cultivated cosmopolitan wherever he existed. It would be too much to suggest that he was always wise in what he said; far from it—as often he spoke purely for effect, but just as often there was a nugget of rocklike common sense at the heart of what he said.

And, being *sui generis*, none can replace Shaw.

A HALO OF POPULARITY AND
APPLAUSE

Laurence Housman

What you can find "too bad about Shaw," I cannot imagine! He did not want to live to be 94: he certainly did not want to go on living. He has gone to his rest in a halo of popularity and applause, and an almost universal recognition—even from those who did not in the least agree with him—that he was a great and also a good man.

What better could any human being ask for?

And yet you say, "Too bad!"

SHAW'S FLASHING, BLOODLESS
RAPIER

Susan Ertz

Bernard Shaw owed allegiance in an uncommon degree to two incompatible, but not for him irreconcilable, worlds: the world of fantasy and the world of what is called reality. He moved from one to the other with such facile, humorous and often slippery ease that one wondered if he always knew which world he was inhabiting at any given moment. Try to get from him an answer to a question relating to the "real" world, and the reply came almost invariably from that other region, echoing with the sound of elfin horns and the stamping of the feet of the little men. On the other hand, let him deal with what he considered illusion and he pulled it to pieces as delightedly as a small child pulls apart a flimsy toy. It was his habit to bring his puckish other-worldliness to bear upon the factual, and his shrewd, hard, fierce common sense upon the faiths or cherished beliefs of other men. This served him well and gave him that Through-the-Looking-Glass quality that made the world stare. It dazzled and blinded until there was danger that his enormous competence in the handling of plot and building up of situation, his unfailingly brilliant use of his material might be obscured. That we rarely if ever meet Shaw's characters in real life—and why should we wish to?—is a tribute to the power of his invention, for he makes us believe in them. His clean, bright rapier drew controversy rather than blood, but the generation he chiefly wrote for required controversy and scarcely knew about blood, and the generation that now deeply mourns him mourns him because it is sick of blood and would have that cherished, flashing, bloodless rapier play back again if it could.

Like so many others, I have always enjoyed reading and seeing Bernard Shaw's plays. I think he had a wonderful stimulating and lively effect on the intellect of the life of our times.

Anything that can be done in honor of his memory certainly has my whole-hearted support.

—Norman Rockwell

Bret Harte as Consul

Louis Martin Sears, Purdue University

Vicissitudes marked the life of Bret Harte. Successes were early and temporary; disappointments followed and were more protracted. The California gold camps opened a literary vein of richest promise, which after raising his living standard to a high level, unhappily was soon exhausted. Thereafter he became receptive to aid from official sources, among others the kind offers of John Hay, who was never indifferent to the needs and claims of his brethren of the pen. Assignment to a consular post was a welcome surcease, and at Crefeld, Germany, from 1878 to 1880, and at Glasgow, Scotland, from 1880 to 1885, Harte welcomed the salary and at the same time the security of a United States consulship, its modest stipend supplemented by fairly frequent lectures to a British public less fickle than his American public had proved to be.

From these official posts, Harte communicated with the Assistant Secretary of State on matters largely commercial and in terms per force conventional, which nevertheless revealed the literary man and which are therefore a portion, a neglected portion, one feels, of his career as an American litterateur.

From May to December, 1878, Harte reported from Crefeld nothing more remarkable than his assumption of office, an invoice of its property, and a request for the diversion of one hundred dollars in consular fees for the purchase of a bookcase and safe. But on December 17, he requested leave of absence for seven weeks, as of January 1, to lecture before various audiences in Great Britain "on purely literary topics, in response to numerous invitations already received."¹ The request was approved six days later by the Consul General at Berlin.

Harte remained in Great Britain only three weeks of his allotted seven, but sought approval of the Department in utilizing the remaining four to begin as of March 25.² These again were split, as on April 16, he reported a return to Crefeld after three more weeks of the original allotment.³

Fourteen months after he took office, Harte reinforced a request for supplementary funds for clerical expenses by a most gratifying report on the rapid growth of business at the Crefeld consulate.⁴ Expressed statistically, exports from the Crefeld district for the year ending September 30 exceeded those of the previous year by \$749,923,⁵ while for the final quarter alone, a gain of \$174,261 was registered. So rapid an expansion seemed to Harte to justify his request for a change to a more salubrious climate and a more congenial environment. His appeal to the Assistant Secretary of State is urgent:

Sir

I regret to be obliged to submit to this Department the fact that the effect of the local climate upon my health is so unfavorable that I am compelled, under advice of my physician, to ask for a leave of absence from this Agency for at least two months. I expect to employ such leave, if granted, in the restoration of my health elsewhere, or in travel, but in the meantime, I venture to hope that this Department may be able to suggest some exchange of position for me, whereby my services may be retained under more favorable climatic conditions. I am emboldened to believe this possible from the fact, already known to this Department, that during the fifteen months of my incumbency the business and importance of my office has increased so as to render it a not unworthy exchange with better known and more prominent consulates.

I would further submit to this Department that if a leave of absence be granted me it would greatly facilitate my purpose if I could be informed by telegraph — the reason being already advanced.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient Servant,

Bret Harte.⁷

This rather vigorous appeal was followed next day by a description of the Crefeld climate sardonic in its humor, and perhaps the literary *tour de force* in a correspondence of necessity pedestrian. Again to the Assistant Secretary of State, Bret Harte reports:

Sir

In conformity with the requisitions of Department Circular of April 3d 1879, I have the honor to submit the enclosed table showing the Rainfall, Snowfall and Thunder Storms occurring in this District from July 1st 1878 to June 30th 1879.

The table is compiled from the observations of a competent meteorologist. In mitigation of the fact that it has rained in this District in the ratio of every other day in the year, it may be stated that the general gloom has been diversified and monotony relieved by twenty-nine thunder storms and one earthquake.

Very respectfully

Your obedient Servant

Bret Harte.⁸

Action upon Harte's request was not delayed unduly, and his eventual transfer was to a desirable post. Meanwhile, at Crefeld two items of considerable interest were unfolding. One of these was technical—a question of protocol, wherein the Consul begged forgiveness if he had erred in addressing the Secretary of Treasury directly concerning a dispute between local manufacturers and customs officials in New York;⁹ the other was of broader significance in its comment upon German emigration and the likelihood that Germans would embrace the Mormon faith. He saw no reason to anticipate either emigration or acceptance of a new faith. The neighboring Germans were not inclined to emigration in any case, nor, as Catholics, were they susceptible to any new religion. "A prolific household with *one* wife seems to exclude any polygamous instinct in the manly breast, while the woman, who works equally

with her husband, evinces no desire to share any division of the affections or the profits." Of the industrial classes, he added that "a duty of 60 per cent ad valorem by engaging the fullest powers of the intellect in its evasion, leaves little room for the play of the lower passions."¹⁰

On November 25, 1879, Harte thanked the Department for a sixty days leave, upon which he did not enter until January 5, 1880, a leave which, like its predecessor, was interrupted by periods on duty while he prepared his official reports, which again exhibited marked progress.¹¹ On April 19, he announced a forthcoming visit to England with a view "to lecture at Oxford, Cambridge and Norwich, and attend the Royal Academy Banquet on 1st May."¹²

One more despatch¹³ and the Crefeld record was complete. Bret Harte had made the best of an uncongenial situation. His German record was a good one.

Two months to a day, lacking one, he took over the property and records of the consulate at Glasgow and on August 24, 1880, announced to John Hay receipt of exequatur, of recognition by Her Majesty's Government, and his commission as Consul. In his early despatches, notably five to seven, he refers repeatedly to instructions by the Department of State as "despatches", decidedly a lapse for a literary man. In number nine, accidentally or by intent, there was a return to proper usage in a request for "instructions" on an issue presented in the case of the "Bessie Wittich" whether "the imprisonment of seamen and their detention in foreign ports constitutes 'Desertion' and exclude (sic) them from the benefit of the rule regarding the payment of two months wages to discharged seamen." The question was precipitated by the vicious attitude toward his men of a captain who fairly drove them to desertion. "The Captain was intoxicated, violent and overbearing in the Consulate, and I was obliged to threaten to discontinue the shipping of his crew until he and they were in a more seemly and reasonable condition."¹⁴

For the completion of his staff, a vice-consul and a consular agent at Greenock were nominated as men who had served efficiently under Harte's predecessor.¹⁵ Transfer to Glasgow from the greatly disliked Crefeld effected no marked improvement in the Consul's health, it seems, and after a tour of duty of a little less than six months, he again appealed to the Assistant Secretary of State, John Hay, for a three months leave of absence with permission to visit the United States.¹⁶

One of the annoyances of a public servant in the 80's was a division of authority in Washington. The Department of State, for example, approved a charge of \$90 for a table and bookcase in the Glasgow office. Notified of this, the First Comptroller of the Treasury disallowed the charge with the remark that it had been "disallowed" by the State Department also—surely most confusing. Whereupon Harte cited the Department's "despatch No. 12", bad diplomatic usage once again, "in which the whole amount was clearly and specifically allowed in the following words: 'The charge of ninety dollars stated in your miscellaneous account for a table and bookcase has been allowed and the amount therefor approved'."¹⁷

If such incidents were provoking, and they are inherent in bureaucracy, in larger matters of the public weal, Harte displayed character and judgment of a high order. He was particularly incensed at the conduct of the master of the *Jamestown*, who abandoned ship quite needlessly¹⁸ and hastened to America by another vessel, entrusting his crew to the protection of the Consulate, although ship-brokers had offered to meet the expenses of his payroll. And "it is the prevailing legal opinion here that the owners are clearly responsible to the United States Government for the money thus expended."¹⁹

That Harte was a cautious man of business in his guardianship of the public interest would appear further in the case of George W. Gile, an American citizen who while fishing off the coast of Florida, was rescued by an English ship. He claimed to

have been five days without food. As Gile was not a sailor by definition, the consulate possessed no funds for his relief. These Harte provided personally. As partial remuneration, Gile offered his boat, which likewise had been saved, any balance to revert to him. Since Harte had only Gile's word for ownership and there was a possibility that Gile was a deserter who had stolen the boat, Harte reported, "I have deferred the sale, awaiting the instructions of the Department."²⁰ Here was possibly an environmental cautiousness.

On October 4, 1881, after Harte had served the Glasgow post more than a year, he provided the Washington authorities with a seasoned survey of the neighboring area. Business was emerging from depression. There was no great expansion in exports to America, but in imports from America there was decided gain. The shipbuilding industry was distinctly flourishing, new tonnage launched in 1880 being 248,656, as against only 157,605 in the preceding year. The discrepancy was even greater as of tonnage under construction. Nor was there any threat, as had originally been feared, from a new French shipping law which established the bounty system. This long and carefully detailed communication bore deep black borders in deference to the death of President Garfield.²¹

Statistics, however encouraging as to prosperity and progress, are not particularly heart warming. Of far greater human interest was a project launched by Harte in January, 1882, for a suitable memorial to American sailors cast upon the Island of Iona seventeen years before, and given decent sepulture in Scotland's most historic shrine through the courtesy of the Duke of Argyll, the same Duke who unlike so many members of the British aristocracy had upheld consistently the Union cause in the War for Southern Independence. Let Harte broach the matter to his superiors in Washington:

No. 36. United States Consulate,
Glasgow, 9th January 1882.
Hon.¹ J. C. Bancroft Davis,
Assistant Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Sir

I have the honor to report that on a recent visit to the island of Iona, within this Consular District, I found in the consecrated ground of the ruined Cathedral the graves of nineteen American seamen who perished in the wreck of the "Guy Mannering" on the evening of the thirty-first December, eighteen hundred and sixty-five on the north west coast of the island. The place where they are interred is marked by two rows of low granite pediments at the head and feet of the dead supporting and connected by an iron chain which encloses the whole space. This was done by the order and at the expense of the lord of the manor—the present Duke of Argyll.

A record of the names, ages and burial of these men is kept by the Registrar of the District, but there is no memorial upon the stone enclosure. The fact of their burial there and the story of the generosity of the distinguished nobleman is learned only from the lips of hired guides. The locality is picturesque and historical; the graves of the American seamen lie side by side with the tombs of ancient Scottish Kings. It is a favorite resort of all tourists, but particularly of Americans, who are, however, for the most part, made first aware of the courtesy of the Scotch nobleman who has honoured the remains of their unfortunate countrymen, or their own neglect which has left the names of these poor sailors and their foreign benefactor equally unrecorded on the spot where they are hallowed.

In view of this I venture to make these facts known to the Department, satisfied that such recognition of the thoughtful courtesy of the Duke or Argyll as would seem most fit and appropriate to the Department will be made, and that possibly a record of the names of the seamen will be placed upon some endureable (sic) memorial erected upon the spot. I have the honor to annex herewith copy

of a letter from a resident of the island, by which it will appear that the names of the deceased are easily attainable. In conclusion I beg to state that should the Department term any expenditure by the Government for this purpose inexpedient, I am willing with the permission of the Department to endeavor to procure by private subscription a sufficient sum for the outlay.

I have the honor to remain
Most respectfully your
obedient servant

Bret Harte
U. S. Consul. ²²

This despatch represented the high point of Bret Harte's Glasgow correspondence. It elicited from the Department a favorable reply, and enabled him to address the Duke of Argyll in grateful and complimentary terms, with a request that His Grace authorize the erection at Iona of the memorial as now projected.²³

The Duke in turn expressed his satisfaction rather formally but with a certain warmth even so.

Argyll Lodge, Kensington
March 3rd 1882

Sir:

You will oblige me by conveying to the Assistant Secretary of State my thanks for the courteous message from the President of the United States, conveyed in your letter of Feby. 23d which I should earlier have acknowledged had I not been prevented by serious illness in my family.

Your obedient servant
(Sigd.) Argyll.

Bret Harte Esqr.
Glasgow.²⁴

There remained to be attended the actual erection of the monument as authorized. Harte reported its completion in his despatch of October 27, 1882, when he forwarded a minute description of an obelisk "of simple design, 10½ feet high, and made of silver

grey granite." Names were inscribed of the recovered bodies and due gratitude was expressed to their generous benefactor. All of which was accomplished for the modest sum of \$222.89, "for which I shall take credit . . . in my next quarterly account."²⁵

The episode was terminated with further acknowledgments by the Duke:

London November 10th, 1882

Sir:

Your letter of October 27th was not forwarded to my address in Scotland and I have therefore only found it on my arrival here.

I have to thank the Government of the United States and yourself, for the courteous and handsome terms in which they have referred to my name on the monument they have erected to the sailors shipwrecked on the Island of Iona.

Your obedient servant,
(Sigd.) Argyll. ²⁶

The correspondence, with resulting action, is a tribute to the good heart of the American consul. It is further a tribute to Bret Harte's political acumen, for in a land where aristocracy was still a potent force, there was wisdom in conciliating the premier Duke of Scotland, a person of such illustrious lineage that the Queen Empress considered a good match was made when her daughter Louise was married to the Marquess of Lorne, the Argyll heir.

As has been noted in the case of the sailors abandoned by the master of the "Bessie Wittich", and in that of Gile, the castaway off the Florida coast, Harte's sympathies extended to the humble also, as illustrated once again in the plight of Abram Balard, a sailor on the German barque "Fidelio." Balard was a Negro. He was hazed to desperation by Robert Johnson, another Negro, whom he finally knifed. Balard was only nineteen years old; he had no knowledge of the sea. His tormentor was a loutish brute. Harte sympathized with him completely, but possessed no jurisdiction in the case. He accordingly re-

ferred Balard to the good offices of the American consul at Stettin, Germany.²⁷

Economic issues naturally predominate among consular concerns, and Harte, who by now was an experienced observer, wrote interestingly to the Department concerning the material side of life within his bailiwick. He affirmed the superiority of Clyde shipbuilders, both engineers and workmen, over their compatriots upon the Tyne and Weir, and noted the demand along the Mersey and at Belfast for Scottish iron workers, shipwrights, joiners, framesetters, and blacksmiths.²⁸ His description of Scottish methods in selling rather than renting tenements in apartment buildings presented his countrymen with a new idea which came later into general acceptance. Harte furnished details as to community rights thus purchased and named various protections for the buyer.²⁹ And his account of Scottish endeavors at utilizing heat at present going to waste in the manufacture of iron, as well as of ammonia and tar among industrial derivatives should have been and doubtless was of interest to the growing steel and chemical and metallurgical industries of the United States.³⁰ Amiable enough, Harte was intrusted by British naval authorities with details of three warships then under construction, the *Leander*, the *Arethusa*, and the *Phaeton*, each of which represented important novelties in marine architecture. His report on these covered twelve foolscap pages, closely written.³¹ This was supplemented by a similarly elaborate description of the Cunard liner *Aurania*, which ran to five such pages.³²

The lengthiest by far of Bret Harte's despatches is a survey of housing conditions and attendant overcrowding and poverty in Glasgow. The subject was precipitated by a statement in the inaugural address of Mr. John Bright as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow that seventy-six and one-half per cent of the city's population lived in houses of one room. Bright offered no details nor did the press offer any comment. Harte therefore undertook a research of his own.

Population, according to the census of 1881, was 511,250 in Glasgow proper, with adjacent suburbs almost equally crowded, lifting it to 705,140. Building was in solid blocks, four storeys high, divided into from one to four apartments. The outer appearance was generally imposing, stone being abundant and widely used. A building code emphasizing uniformity and rigidly enforced forbade a fifth storey. Harte estimated as of 1881 that there were 35,843 houses of one room, 52,693 of two rooms, 17,746 of three rooms, 6,623 of four rooms, and 6,223 of five rooms for a grand total of 119,059.* Subsequent changes might have brought the number to 121,000, of which "no fewer than 89,600 are of one and two apartments. The proportion in the larger suburbs, too, will be about the same." These conclusions were re-enforced by elaborate statistics, from which Harte generalized that "the operative classes who live in these apartments are remarkably prolific," it being estimated by competent authority that there were at that time 950 families in Glasgow with a membership of ten to sixteen persons—in all, some 10,000 persons living in 1,853 apartments. There was room for argument as to whether these prolific qualities were the cause or the result of overcrowding. Rents ranged from six pounds per annum for one-room apartments to nine pounds per annum for two rooms.

Notwithstanding what to Harte as to most of his countrymen must have appeared the most wretched overcrowding, Harte believed that Glasgow was no worse than other British cities, and that its rank and file could find in their environment some quite redeeming circumstances. "I believe," he concludes, "there is less destitution, less absolute deprivation, less misery and want in Glasgow than in her sister cities. There is certainly less dependence upon charity and less open mendicancy here than elsewhere. The poorest Scotch labourer is too proud to beg. My casual impression of him is that he does not spend what he does not earn—and seldom even as much as he does earn—and that what may seem to be the social sin of

Poverty is perhaps only the Scotch beatitude—Thrift."³³

There would appear to be some suggestion of hypochondria in Harte's requests for leaves of absence and the corresponding postponement till some later date of such leaves when granted. Thus a leave of 60 to 90 days applied for on June 20, approval of which was acknowledged on August 21, found Harte by November 26 requesting a postponement until the Spring of 1884.³⁴ Or again the real reason for these alternating currents of desire and hesitation may have been the interesting nature of his work. For Glasgow afforded an exceptional coigne of vantage to so intelligent an observer.

Thus in July of 1883, Harte found material for a twelve-page report on the Sugar Industry and Trade of Greenock. Even as the West Indies were in a state of serious decline the business of crude sugar was growing rapidly along the Clyde and was necessitating refineries. Also a speculative rise in sugar prices was responsible for many fortunes.³⁵

In September, 1883, Harte forwarded a twenty-three and one-half page report on the credit system in Glasgow, this for the benefit of the Board of Trade of Scranton, Pennsylvania.³⁶ Presently he became suspicious of certain practices of woolen exporters in separating certain costs from that of raw material, so that the wool alone might be priced low enough for entering the United States on a favorable duty basis.³⁷ And turning once more to the shipbuilders on the Clyde, he found production mounting to a feverish pitch, with 293,023 tons turned out in the first three quarters, surpassing by 28,280 tons the output of the previous year, which was itself a record.³⁸ As the year was closing, he transmitted for the Department's benefit a description of the engines built at Govan by the Messrs. John Elder & Company for the Italian warship *Francesco Morosini*.

Whatever motives actuated his appointment to the consular service—and these were partially eleemosynary in their recognition of Harte's genius and at the same time of

MARK TWAIN JOURNAL

his financial difficulties—the Government of the United States was repaid abundantly for its consideration. The workman was proving worthy of his hire.

In an astonishingly short time the pendulum of activity along the Clyde was reversed by a marked downswing in the business cycle. Steel was replacing iron. This naturally involved some dislocation. In the second half of a year that had begun so prosperously, 5,000 workmen of the area were discharged, and the iron workers accepted a ten per cent decrease in pay.³⁹ Nor was there prompt improvement, for in the following May the Consul reported acceptance by the workers in the Clyde area of further pay deductions.⁴⁰

The consular activities of Bret Harte should by now appear somewhat in focus. The business side was paramount and required a man of business. Whether or not Harte qualified as such upon his original appointment at Crefeld, he quickly demonstrated the needed qualities and in the performance of his duties should rate as a successful man of affairs. Less is required of consuls than of diplomats in matters social or humanitarian. But Harte's unfeigned interest in the victims of the tyranny of ship captains and their smaller fry, his tenderness toward the nineteen men who were cast ashore off Iona, together with his tactful and appreciative attitude toward His Grace of Argyll, mark him as a man of broadest sympathies, comprehending rich and poor alike. At a time, moreover, when Sociology as a special field of research was still in its infancy both in America and elsewhere, Harte's careful survey of the housing problem in the Glasgow area merits commendation as an exhaustive study and a contribution of genuine importance. Its humorous conclusion that overcrowding was less an evidence of poverty than it was of thrift revealed, moreover, the literary man's capacity for understanding life. Harte possessed what Hugh Walpole has insisted to be the literary man's prime requisite, "la tendresse", the capacity to view life as a whole and to regard it tenderly.

One may conclude, therefore, that while it

was a misfortune for Bret Harte that his rich vein as a creative artist was exhausted early if not prematurely, fate was nevertheless kind to him and to his fellow citizens who were to benefit by his services, in directing him for almost precisely seven years to a field wherein talent was more requisite than genius, yet where the residual qualities of authorship represented by a sympathetic comprehension of his fellows added the crowning touch of usefulness. At one time in his life an author of true greatness, Bret Harte became a great consul. His career at Glasgow was terminated by the advent of Grover Cleveland and the Democrats. But it is a career by no means ignoble and it constitutes a creditable chapter in the life of a great man of letters.

1. Crefeld, Germany. Vol. 1, No. 10. Crefeld, December 17, 1878.
2. Crefeld, Germany. Vol. 1, No. 14. Crefeld, March 19, 1879.
3. Ibid. No. 16, April 16, 1879.
4. Id. No. 24, July 1, 1879.
5. Id. No. 25, October 7, 1879.
6. Id. No. 26, October 7, 1879.
7. Id. No. 27, October 7, 1879.
8. Crefeld, Germany. Vol. 1, No. 30. October 8, 1879.
9. Ibid. No. 32. October 9, 1879.
10. Crefeld. Vol. 1, No. 33. October 10, 1879.
11. Ibid. No's. 36, November 25, 1879; No. 37, January 5, 1880; No. 39, January 25, 1880; and No. 42, April 6, 1880.
12. Id. No. 43, April 19, 1880.
13. Ir. No. 44, May 21, 1880.
14. Dept. of State, Glasgow, Vol. 18, No. 9. October 14, 1880.
15. Ibid. No's. 10 and 11. October 19, 1880.
16. Id. No. 17. January 17, 1881.
17. Id. No. 20. April 14, 1881.
18. Dept. of State, Glasgow. Vol. 8, No. 22, April 15, 1881.
19. Ibid. No's. 22 and 23, April 15 and 22, 1881.
20. Id. No. 24. May 18, 1881.
21. Dept. of State, Glasgow. Vol. 8, No. 30. October 4, 1881.
22. Dept. of State, Glasgow, Vol. 8, No. 36. January 9, 1882.
23. Ibid. No. 40. Enclosure. February 23, 1882.
24. Dept. of State, Glasgow, Vol. 8, No. 43. Harte to J. C. Bancroft Davis, March 25, 1882, enclosing Argyll's letter of March 3, 1882.
25. Ibid. No. 63. October 27, 1882.
26. Ibid. No. 65. Harte to J. C. B. Davis, November 16, 1882, enclosing Argyll's letter of November 10, 1882.
27. Dept. of State, Glasgow, Vol. 8, No. 44. March 27, 1882.
28. Ibid. No. 41. March 8, 1882.

29. Dept. of State. Glasgow, Vol. 8, No. 48. Harte to J. C. B. Davis. May 4, 1882.
30. Ibid. No. 61. Harte to J. C. B. Davis. October 18, 1882.
31. Id. No. 62. Harte to J. C. B. Davis. October 20, 1882.
32. Id. Vol. 9, No. 71. February 16, 1883.
- * These totals do not add correctly. L.M.S.
33. Dept. of State. Glasgow, Vol. 9, No. 77. April 13, 1883. Harte to John Davis, Assistant Secretary of State.
34. Dept. of State. Glasgow, Vol. 9, No. 82. June 20, 1883; No. 87. August 21, 1883; No. 94. November 26, 1883; and No. 117. August 11, 1884.
35. Ibid. Harte to John Davis, Assistant Secretary of State. July 18, 1883.
36. Id. No. 89. September 15, 1883.
37. Id. No. 90. October 15, 1883.
38. Id. No. 92. October 18, 1883.
39. Dept. of State. Glasgow, Vol. 9, No. 99. Harte to Davis, January 7, 1884.
40. Ibid. No. 111. Harte to Davis, May 21, 1884.

SHAW AS A MUSIC CRITIC

Sigmund Spaeth

My only possible contribution to the symposium would be in the expression of admiration for his abilities as a music critic, which are not generally known. For some years he wrote regular comments on music, which were signed with the pen-name "Corno di Bassetto," and his book, *The Perfect Wagnerite*, represents the same interesting and stimulating approach to music. His technical knowledge of the subject may have been limited, but he managed to write about it in terms that would interest the average reader, and this is an art that very few music critics have mastered. I think he gave up writing on music chiefly because he found that the average music lover would rather be bored with incomprehensible technical terms than entertained with some really fresh and significant observations from the layman's point of view. This has been my own experience also, and it has taken more than thirty years to break through the crust that high-brows have deliberately placed over the whole world of music in a determined effort to keep it a mystery so far as the general public is concerned. Bernard Shaw could not help writing entertainingly and significantly on any subject he chose to tackle, and I only wish we could have had more of his brilliant comments on music.

MY ENCOUNTERS WITH MARK TWAIN

Bernard Shaw

I met Mark Twain late in his lifetime, on two occasions. On one of his visits made to London by biographer, Archibald Henderson, I met him at the railway station, and found that Mark had come over in the same boat and was in the same train. There was a hasty introduction amid the scramble for luggage which our queer English way of handling passengers' luggage involves; and after a word or two I tactfully took myself and Henderson off.

Some days later he walked into our flat in Adelphi Terrace. Our parlor-maid, though she did not know who he was, was so overcome by his personality that she admitted him unquestioned and unannounced, like the statue of the Commandant.

Whether it was on that occasion, or a later that he lunched with us I cannot remember; but at any rate he did lunch with us, and told us stories of the old Mississippi storekeepers. He presented me with one of his books, and autographed the inside of the cloth case on the ground that when he autographed fly leaves they were taken out and sold.

He had a complete gift of intimacy which enabled us to treat one another as if we had known one another all our lives, as indeed I had known him through his early books, which I read and revelled in before I was twelve years old.

I have a vivid recollection of Bernard Shaw at the International Congress of 1896 as always getting up to make whatever remark would cause the most uproar. He may, possibly, have had some serious purpose, but it was not obvious either to me or to other people. The German Socialists at the Congress complained to me that he was obviously an incarnation of Satan. I did not repeat this remark to him as I thought his opinion of himself was already sufficiently high.

—Bertrand Russell

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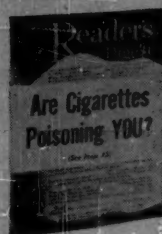
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